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THE DIAMOND



Founded 1951

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DEPUTY WARDEN

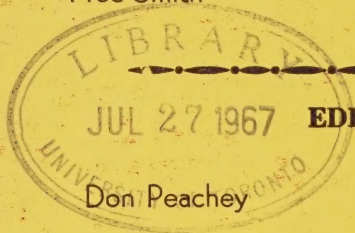
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— PLATFORM —

1. To inspire and cultivate moral and intellectual improvement amongst the men of Collin's Bay Penitentiary.
2. To aid in overcoming the arbitrary bias which is one of the numerous "bars sinister" to a wayward man's redemption.
3. To discuss progressive and revolutionary penological data, without recourse to partiality, favour or affection.
4. To evince Stoicism and humour, to the end that light shall obtain even in darkness.
5. To elicit the support of Society in welcoming the return of a man from prison who needs help and who is genuinely desirous of seeking his reformation in the highly competitive life of the free world.

PRINTING INSTRUCTORS

Mr. L. D. Cook

Mr. A. A. Slack



CENSUS

Total Population	461	Received	43
High Number	5149	Discharged:	
Low Number	3346	By Expiry	13
Transfers (To other Institutions	4	By Ticket-of-Leave	1
		At Large	1

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Collin's Bay

DIAMOND

{ January }

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Editorial

Hope

Hope to a man serving time is, in many instances, the only steadying influence in his daily existence. There must be well-founded hope for him to go from day to day during his term of incarceration.

Many men build their hope on dreams, dreams very much like the Meccano sets we used in our childhood — meccanno-like in as much as they may be enlarged or made smaller, depending on the imprisoned man's mood at the moment.

Letters play a large role in keeping a man's hopes alive: they are the nourishment that expectations thrive on. The man who is in receipt of bi-weekly understanding and encouraging letters is indeed blessed. By this means, the outside is brought much nearer to him and the feeling of living on an isolated island is lessened to a great degree.

So much for hope and the type of mail to keep it alive. There is another more salient factor this time; not minutes, hours, days or weeks but the more solid measurement, years. Remember the length of time from your son's birth until the great day he began to school? Five years, was it not? Five years of your salary, five years of reducing that mortgage. Just pause a moment and think of what can happen in this length of time.

What, you wonder, is all this building up to? The word hope re-enters the scene, this time, in a heavy part. We are convinced after spending a year in a penitentiary, that sentences must be carryable, the man who has been found guilty must be able to bear the burden of time levied on him.

Now this can be applied two ways; the youthful offender's sentence must be sensible. It must be of a nature to give him hope, and at the same time straighten his path. The time given in the case of a young offender must be just — nothing too heavy — for a heavy sentence tends to embitter a man and leaves him in the frame of mind whereby he intends to be compensated by society on his release.

The middle aged transgressors sentence should be of an amount that will allow his return to society to rebuild his life. Again, in this age bracket, too much time will leave a man with the feeling, "I may as well go all out on my release, I haven't much time left to make a pile of money."

Time, if figured in a comparative way — one mile to be the equivalent of a year in time, and you envision in your mind's eye a tunnel twenty-eight miles in a straight line — will give you some idea of how a teenager felt when he was given a sentence of twenty-eight years. Time, like miles, can be lost in the curve of space. Two years would have accomplished just as much, we feel sure, and made just as much an impression on the youthful mind as the cumbersome, ungainly and if we might add, foolish term. He could no more see the end of that sentence than you could ever hope to see daylight at the other end of your imagined tunnel. Can you imagine how a teenager would feel with a sentence like this? And he went into court without a lawyer, too.

In our minds this is as serious as a layman operating on himself for appendicitis. To perform an appendectomy on himself would be taking his life in his own hands, yet this lad, unschooled in law tactics was allowed to face a court and draw more than a life sentence. Or is our comparison out of line? But there we are — for a crime that in some parts of Canada a reformatory term would be meted out, or at most, a two year penitentiary term, here a youth was given what amounted to MORE than a life term. His first offence, too!

However, this type of sentence is the exception rather than the rule. Occasionally a mistake is made — this everyone will agree to — but what can a man do when he is the victim of such a frightening and horrible blunder? First, he is permitted to appeal, if he has the money and a lawyer, but if the Appeal Court upholds the sentence, what now? This is where the Remission Branch enters the picture.

An inmate is permitted, at any time, to write for a Ticket-of-Leave, but in most cases, it is advisable to wait for the half-way mark in his sentence. A man doing ten years should serve approximately five before applying for a ticket. And, as it should be, there is no guarantee that he will make the desired ticket—or as many refer to it, parole.

So much for the Ticket-of-Leave explanation. During the coming year, the government will be progressing towards the betterment of penology by dropping the Ticket-of-Leave Act and inaugurating a parole system throughout Canadian Penitentiaries. This is another step towards giving the incarcerated man hope. We believe the government should go a step further by establishing a Board of Review. This is how we feel it should work.

A board of Review could be set up, composed of three senior and well founded judges, to review each case where a reasonable doubt exists as to the time being too heavy. Or, in the case of a man having appeared in court without the benefit of counsel. Again, this Board of Review could be brought into use where, either through ignorance or lack of knowledge, a man has failed to appeal. A fourth member of this Board could be the investigating officer, or referee, as you may choose to call it, to pass judgement whether a case has review merit or not.

This Board of Review could act in two ways it would prevent an injustice being done to many offenders and would also correct severe sentences in a way that would not offend the sentencing magistrates or judges. We feel that this Board should be put into gear one year after a man has begun his sentence. At this time public opinion has cooled down and the administration of whatever institution to which the man has been committed has had a chance to observe and form an opinion of his habits. It would then be at the discretion of the Board to decide whether the sentence should stand or be reduced in the light of all facts viewed dispassionately.

Another thought that comes to our mind is the amount of bitterness that would be alleviated by such a Board, and again, the word — hope. The amount of hope, the existence of such a Board would hold out, to many people who feel they are unjustly sentenced is immeasurable. f

This Board of Review could also be used to review the cases of men presently serving indefinite sentences under the Habitual Criminals Act. Although we are serving short terms we can quite easily imagine how utterly hopeless anyone serving an indefinite sentence must feel.

We close with the thought — while there is life, there is hope. May we dare paraphrase — while there is life, hope is a necessity.

The Vicious Circle

by G.N. #4898



The majority of crimes committed by teen-agers are, as a rule, not overly serious. There are exceptions, of course, but for the most part they consist of car theft, petty thievery, minor break-ins, and malicious damage. Mediocre offences, but, nevertheless, contrary to society's laws, and the culprit is punished.

When a youth is apprehended for committing one of these infractions he is arraigned before a judge or magistrate for sentence. A lenient judge will, very often, after reading a favourable pre-sentence report, place the boy on a strict probation. If, on the other hand, the boy comes before a judge who is inclined to be harsh, or not too understanding he will undoubtedly be placed in a reform school.

Once immured in such a place the boy meets others of his age and temperament, and during his stay becomes friendly with some of these. The main topic of conversation, as can readily be guessed, is crime. As a rule the boys discuss their weak points, in other

words, the circumstances leading to their arrest and conviction. They ponder over their mistakes and confide in each other; by this they gain considerable knowledge of "What not to do". It is a short step from there to the planning of other crimes to be executed upon their release. Very often with three or four plannings they chance upon some very ingenious ideas.

Frequently a boy is inclined to pre-fabricate. He will stress his misdeeds a little more each time he relates it to another. On occasion he will go so far as to tell of crimes he has participated in, — which are a figment of his imagination, — for the sole purpose of impressing his fellow inmates. Before long he acquires the name of a "tough guy". He then has little choice but to live up to what is expected of him.

On being released he is almost certain to return to his home, and old surroundings. If his family is sympathetic, understanding and financially able to assist him it may help him overcome his troubles. If, as so often happens, his family is ashamed of him, and fails to assist him or understand his feelings, the result is, more often than not, disastrous.

It is both pathetic, and unfortunate that the youth who has served time becomes the object of hero worship. He attracts other youths, as a magnet attracts filings. They will strive to become his friend and accomplice; scarcely realizing the utter futility, and eventual pitfall of this mode of life.

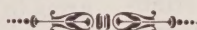
Sooner or later the youth is sure to meet one or two of the friends he had served time with. These, and his followers are the makings of a very dangerous group. Each one of the lot emotionally immature; trying to prove they have "guts" and outdo the others; there-by winning their praise and admiration.

With such a combination as this, the inevitable is sure to happen. There is no "petty stuff" now. This is the real thing. Stick-ups, robberies with violence, and criminal assaults, to name a few, are now the boy's chief occupations. In many cases they will go to the extent where some one is seriously hurt. This may continue for some time, or may be snuffed out at the start, at any rate they are subdued, whether it be after the first offence or the tenth one. Sooner or later, the strong arm of the law will conquer.

Again there is a familiar scene. The youths are arraigned, found guilty, and sentence is pronounced. The boys with a record will, as a certainty, re-

ceive penitentiary sentences. The others no matter how a lawyer may plead, in their behalf, will be sent to reform school.

What happens next? The boys sentenced to penitentiaries mingle with hardened criminals, and there is little hope left for them to go straight. The boys sent to reform school go through the familiar process of finding new friends, and new methods to further their education in breaking the laws. Upon their release they also will become an influence to other youths who are neglected, emotionally immature, and easily swayed. This is certainly a vicious circle. It is unfortunate but nonetheless true.



The Wall I Fear

by John Anthony D.

There is a wall called Kingston, and though it has an omnipotent appearance to us behind it, we do not fear it. We understand why it has been erected, we are aware that our violation of society's standards have purposed its erection; we understand it because it has been built of orthodox material, stone, cement and man's labour, and as such can be seen by both you and I. We also understand it because we know by the expedient of doing our time, we can surmount it.

But there is another wall, far more ominous in appearance to us, primarily, because we know that the definite majority of us are predestined to fail in our attempts to overcome or surmount it.

The basic reasons why we will fail, are that this wall serves no constructive purpose whatever to society, or humanity, for that matter; the nature of this unorthodox and cruel material used for its erection decree its destructive intent. For stone, prejudice is used, for man's labour, ignorance, and for cement, selfishness, and as such, can be viewed only by those whom it confronts.

This, then, is the "Wall of Recidivism", the wall I fear; and if the Kingston wall is my responsibility, because my actions and attitudes have caused its erection, then by the same token, the Wall of Recidivism is yours (society) because your actions and attitudes have caused its erection.



It is not sporting to be a good loser when the prize that is lost is freedom

J.H. Whitney

Mine is a lonely wine!

(Reprint From K.P. Telescope)

I'm something of a freak. Oh, I'm quite ordinary physically and mentally. And I'm considered to be even more attractive than the average woman. But in my neighbourhood and in my social set, I'm regarded with that speculative air we usually reserve for things about which we are in doubt. It's friendly enough, but still speculative. You see, I'm the wife of a convict.

Crime makes for sensational news and not a day goes by that does not see its quota of lurid write-ups in the daily newspapers. The crime and the criminal are reported extensively, what was said, what was done and the description of the criminal. And when a criminal is apprehended and brought to court to answer for his crimes, he is again subjected to the merciless ferreting of the news reporters.

We read about his background, his police record, what he looks like, how conducts himself in court, and the probability of his guilt. And sometimes it is reported that he is married and the father of children. We wonder about that, about his wife and about his children. What are they like? What will happen to them now? The newspapers, of course, rarely supply the answers to such questions.

But I know the answers. I know them from having had to live them. My husband is an inmate of Kingston Penitentiary where he is serving three years for robbery. It is his third time there and — I pray — his last.

Yes, I know the answers — and the problems, for there are many of them. I sometimes wonder which of the problems is the most difficult to resolve; but I am never able to decide whether it is the necessity of raising our three wonderful children without their father, or the bitter loneliness of a married woman without her mate.

Partly because of the "skelton in my

family closet" and partly because I must attend alone and yet cannot be considered a single woman, my friends do not invite me to many of their parties and gatherings. Still, I take part in some social intercourse although sometimes with unfortunate results.

It is unfortunate, for example, when the husband of one of my friends drinks a little too much and thinks he should console the "temporary widow". Or when some new acquaintance who has learned of my plight thinks that I am only waiting for some male to open his arms to me. I have grown wary, too, of accepting offers of a ride home from the single men of any gathering — the verbal and physical sparring is not worth it.

Do I, then, obey my marriage vows and the Seventh Commandment? I try to. For the sake of my moral well being, for the sake of my marriage (in which I have faith still) and for the sake of my children, I try to. And on the infrequent occasion that I fail, I am beset with feelings of guilt and remorse and I make foolish promises to myself that I'll wait. But three years is so long!

The problem of raising the children without their father is vexing in itself; in my case it is doubly so since the children now know where father is and why he is there.

I'll never forget the day, about a week after my husband's arrest, that my oldest boy came home from school in tears. It seems that parents of his school chums had gossiped in their presence about my husband, and the children had taunted my boys in the school yard the following day. My second oldest son is a little more stoic than his more sensitive brother. He did not give way to tears; he merely buried his shock deep within himself: I wish he had wept, for I can cope with tears but

not with suppressed emotions.

Although it entailed a financial outlay that I was ill-equipped to bear, we moved to another neighbourhood two weeks later. The harm had already been done, but, at least, it will not be aggravated.

As many women before me, I have found out that one parent cannot be two. I am the mother of my children and, necessity notwithstanding, I cannot be their father too. My husband was, I always felt, somewhat too strict with our boys, but I realize that his strictness was a necessary foil to my softness. I am aware, too, of the deep-rooted fear that prompted his strictness — the fear (as he once expressed it to me) of their turning out like him.

I am too soft with them, I admit. And they need their father's strictness, just as they need their father, no matter what he has done. I do not however, share his fear for them, and this is as much a tribute to the good in him as a father as it is to me as a mother.

Yes, they need the sternness and the strength of a man to lean on. Yet, on the occasions when we visit or are visited by my father, my brothers or brothers-in-law, I find myself resenting their well-intentioned checking of my sons' conduct. For me it must be the father or no one.

Losing their father has also meant that they must do without many things they would otherwise have, since we now live on City Welfare. My youngest son has just reached school age which meant until now I could not work for a living. Even now that all three boys spend the greater part of the day at school, I am doubtful that it would be a wise course to secure employment to obtain more money to live on at the expense of their home. I believe with my husband that a mother's place is in the home.

As my husband puts it, why should young boys be compelled to take lunches to school when they could come home to a warm meal, to a mother's interest in their school activities, and

to a mother's concern for their hurts and cares. Although their home is fatherless it shall not be motherless too for the few months my husband has left to serve.

But there are times when I am sorely tempted — when, for example, I undertake the weekly chore of clothes repairs, when birthdays come around, or when I ruefully look at another run in my stockings, or consider my old dresses. I do receive some occasional assistance from my relatives, but I am resentful of their attitude even though I gladly accept such assistance. They look upon me with pity I do not ask for, much less need.

My life is tragic, they think in public; and what am I doing about it? They speculate in private. Well it is tragic that a wife must live apart from her husband, and it is tragic that three growing boys be deprived of their father but tragedy is not catastrophic. What I am doing about it is none of their business.

The wife of a convict has many crosses to bear not the least of which is the attitude expressed by friends, relatives and neighbours. It is marked with appraisal — is she tarred with the same moral brush as her husband? And if not, then why did she marry him? Why does she stick by him? How will their children turn out?

Being the wife of a convict has taught me one thing about human nature: everyone is possessed of both good and evil, saint and satan. I was shocked when I first became aware of the moral bigotry and hypocrisy of my fellow man. With what unctuous tones do they discuss the misfortunes of others! How smugly do they observe faults not their own! And how blindly do their eyes turn inward upon their own failings!

My own parents are kindly people, yet how often have they irked me with their air of long suffering for the daughter who married so unwisely, with the, oh, so solicitous manner they use toward my children. I sometimes believe

they are only waiting for one of my boys to become a juvenile delinquent so that they may say, "I told you so!" or, perhaps, "Like father like son."

But my children are reasonably well behaved and God fearing. And if they have been harmed by the deprivation of their father, the experience has its brighter side in the trait of self-reliance it has urged on them. It is leading them to a maturity of spirit which may be rough in spots but is nonetheless sure. No, I do not fear for their future.

I have tried to explain their father to them so that there will be no rejection of him in their hearts. I have tried to do this by recalling his kindnesses to them and his moments of surprising gentleness and understanding when many fathers would lash out in anger. I have tried, too, to explain how a good man can also have unworthy aims and desires and how some good men fight them and others succumb to them. I have further explained to my children how the apparent difference in character may be only the difference in reputation.

I urge them to write to their father with some regularity, to send him cards on his birthday, Christmas, Easter and Father's Day. In part, this is to keep their father's image close to them, and in part to aid in the rehabilitation of my husband, for — despite his past — both my husband and I believe in a happier and productive future.

My husband had already been in jail once when I married him. He did not keep the fact from me, but admitted frankly and honestly his mistake. I did not enter marriage blindly on that

day fifteen years ago. No, I entered it with a love and a faith that has grown stronger and deeper over the years. True, my husband has disappointed me twice since our marriage, but I have also been a witness to the forces of good that are in him, and my faith is constant that these forces will triumph.

Yes, I know the answers. It is a longing and a loneliness that moves in with bittersweet sharpness in the late of evening when the children are abed and I sit in the living room writing a letter to my husband. Twice weekly I write the news of the boys, a little news about friends and relatives, and the news about myself. It is difficult to write about my feelings for him because the words are used over and over again, and I'm constantly seeking new words and phrases to give him the assurance of my love for him.

There. The letter is finished. I dim the lights, turn the radio on low and move to the chesterfield. Soft music fills the room, an old song, one that we both knew in happier times, times of laughter and love. Music, said a poet, is the wine of love and love is the wine of life.

Mine is a lonely wine.

Editor's Note: This article was submitted to the Telescope by the wife of an inmate of Kingston Penitentiary. She is also a subscriber to the Telescope and has identified herself to the Editorial Board but asks that she be allowed to remain anonymous for obvious reasons.



Discussions: An argument that nobody is particularly interested in.

Fletcher Knebel.

The Colosseum in Rome, one of the major monuments of Roman antiquity, was completed in A.D. 80.

Pedestrian: Person who can't find the place where he parked his car.

Daily Mail.

SPORTS QUIZ

by Buck Bordeleau

During the winter months, sports at the Bay is at a stand-still, so for all the sports fans the C.B. Diamond will feature a monthly sports quiz until the opening of our regular sports activities.

If you score 12 and over, you're a pro, 7 to 11, you're an amateur, and if score less than 7, then I suggest you pay more attention to the sports pages.

1. Who managed the New York Giants in 1951? e
2. Who holds the world's record for speed on water?
3. Who did "Sugar Ray" Robinson defeat for the welterweight crown?
4. In 1951 the Grey Cup was won by?
5. Who won the Hart Trophy in 1952-53 in the National Hockey League?
6. Who was the last National League player to win the triple crown?
7. Who won the Kentucky Derby in 1954?
8. Who were the only two fighters to knock out Joe Louis and in what year?
9. Who was the last pitcher in the National League to win 30 games?
10. Who won the Indianapolis "500" in 1954?
11. Who did Jack Dempsey defeat for the Heavyweight crown?
12. What three National Hockey League players formed the famous "Kid Line" of the Toronto Maple Leafs in the thirties?
13. Who did "Sugar Ray" Robinson defeat for the middleweight championship in 1951?
14. Who won the world series in 1945?
15. Who held the record in the National Hockey League for the three fastest goals scored?

ANSWERS: 1. Leo Durocher. 2. Don Campbell. 3. Tommy Bell. 4. Ottawa Rough Riders. 5. All Rollins—Chicago Black Hawks. 6. Joe Medwich—St Louis Cardinals—1937. 7. Determine. 8. Max Schmeling 1936—Rocky Marciano 1951. 9. Dizzy Dean—St. Louis Cardinals—1934. 10. Bill Vuchovitch. 11. Jess Willard. 12. Charlie Conacher, Joe Primeau, Harvey Jackson. 13. Jake Lamotta. 14. Detroit Tigers. 15. Bill Mosienko—21 seconds.



Vacation: A period during which people find out where to stay away from next year. Paul H. Gilbert

** ** ** ** **

A work of art is not completed on the canvas, it is completed in the mind of the person who looks at it. D. H. Kahnweiler

** ** ** ** **

One of the nice things about Mother Nature is the way she blushes before disrobing. Wes Lawrence



The Barred Bards



*Serfs to a sordid duty....He saw them with his heart....
Priests of the Ultimate Beauty....Feeding the Flame of Art....*

THE SPIRIT OF THE QUEST

If you can dream and not make dreams your master;
If you can think and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with triumph and disaster;
And treat those two imposters just the same,

If you can force your heart, and nerve, and sinew,
To serve your turn long after they are gone;
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the will which says to them, "Hold on,"

If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the earth, and everything that's in it,
And, what is more, you'll be a man, my son.

Rudyard Kipling

THREE MONKEYS

Three monkeys sat in a coconut tree
Discussing things they're said to be,
Said one to the others, "Now listen you two
There's a certain rumour that can't be true.

That man descended from our noble race,
The very idea is a damn disgrace.
No monkey ever deserted his wife,
Starved her baby, and ruined her life.

And you'll never see a mother monk,
Leave her baby with another to bunk,
Or pass them on one to the other,
Until they scarcely know who is their mother.

Another thing you'll never see,
A monk build a fence 'round a coconut tree,
And let the coconuts go to waste,
Forbidding others to have a taste

Why, if I built a fence around this tree,
Starvation would force you to steal from me.
Another thing a monk won't do,
Go out on a party and get into a stew.

A monk will never use a gun or knife,
To take some other monkey's life,
Yes, man descended, the ornery cuss,
But brother — he didn't descend from us."

Goodwin.

THEME OF MAN

Born in a world full of pain
Die in this world all in vain
There is light too bright to look upon
There are secrets best left alone.
There are truths too true to behold,
There are joys too great to be told.
Where is the beginning, where does it end?
What is life to the all in men?
What is day, what is night?
Filled with sleepless dreams of fright.
The answers, truly, can be told,
Answers that are rich to behold.
The beginning was as the wind,
The end will make all amends.
Day is the same as the rose,
Without earth it too cannot grow.
Life's like a candle, burning all about.
A flame that's very easily snuffed out.

W.J. Dumas

WHAT I'D DO FOR YOU

I do believe God above,
Created you for me to love.
He picked you out of all the rest,
Because he knew I loved you best.

I once had a heart, I know that's true,
But now it's gone from me to you.
Take good care, as I have done,
For you have two and I have none.

When I go to Heaven and if you're not there,
I'll carve your name on the Golden Stair,
And if you're not there by Judgement Day,
I'll know you have gone the other way.

I'll give the Angels back their wings,
Their Golden Harps and everything,
And just to show what else I'd do,
I'd even go down there with you.

by 4441

THE GRASS DOES NOT A GREENER GROW

The grass does not a-greener grow,
Than from a place, I long to know.
It seemed to me then; But alas!
That this was not the greenest grass.

Years ago I left this place,
With thoughts of finding better face,
Of wealth and knowledge, friends and fame,
Only to find I disgraced my name.

You may ask, why I do not go?
To this place I long for so.
I can answer only by the mail,
For they have locked me in their jail.

They locked me in a cell, eight by four,
With nothing much else, but a big steel door
I may someday leave this place of shame,
But it stays with me and my name.

So if you leave your place of birth,
Looking for a brighter hearth,
Think solemnly of these words I trow,
The grass does not a-greener grow.

R.A.Robinson



My teen-ager says, in a tone of distress, that I don't understand his position.
It seems that the key to his social success, is the same one that fits the ignition.
H. Chadwick

Rehabilitate Or Get Tough

by Jim Leslie

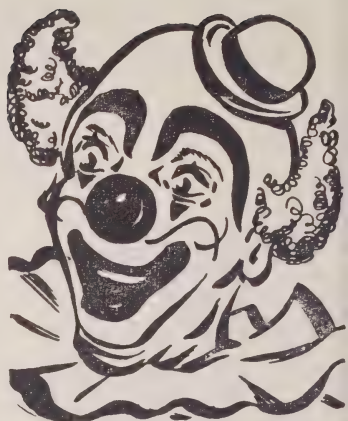


Quite often recently I have read articles in which the writers are pushing 'Get Tough Policies', as a deterrent to repeaters they claim are coddled in prison. Coddled, is without exception, the most misconstrued conception of prison life I have ever heard, and in my opinion "Get Tough Methods" would be the surest way to defeat rehabilitation.

As a confirmed repeater I feel fully qualified to give a more descriptive portrayal of this so called pampered life. Only we fallen wayfarers recognize freedom as life's most precious possession, and believe me, no matter what indoctrination exists, or what innovations enter a prison, serving time is still one of life's most sordid experiences, and to most of us serving time is Hell. Yet, because we are allowed to buy (with our money) daily newspapers, and because we listen to the radio by ear-phones, and because we have movies and a sports program some have the temerity to say we are coddled. Just how primitive can one get. To think these mediocrities could compensate for the loss of our loved ones and freedom, I wonder if the writers who cry so loud for "Get Tough Policies" are cognizant of the fact we are 16-17 hours a day in a cell, that we retire and rise the same hour 365 days a year or that grown men can be brought to tears by reading a letter from a wife or mother.

We have rules to obey too, lots of them where we go on charge for breaking them, in most cases we lose our ever precarious remission. Remission of course is good time, oh sure, we get away with a little now and then but the scales balance even in the end. Remember too, rules are broken in every phase of life not just in prison. Our motto is, "PRISONERS ARE PEOPLE" — yes in spite of our inconsistencies we are just as vulnerable as you where emotions are concerned. I contend that no one is incorrigible, and psychopaths are made not born, I have no desire to mitigate or exonerate our actions but two wrongs never made a right and "Get Tough Policies" would be far more instrumental in making men psychopaths than the harmony so many construe as coddling.

The Jovial Jester



WACKY WIT



When a man came to install a phone extension, a three year old greeted him curiously with: "Are you the television man." "No, Sonny," he replied amiably. "I'm the telephone man." "No, you're the television man," the boy insisted. Reluctant to his fate of pint sized pestering, the man surrendered. "All right. I'm the television man". Then why are you fixing the phone?"

Authorities summoned recently to quiet a husband-wife disturbance, later received this letter from the wife: Dear Sirs: On that call you made to our house the other night — my husband and I have now made up. However, now my husband wants your OK. At the time the officers were here, they made him promise not to lay hands on me again. Would you write retracting that statement, please?

A man who was working for an exterminating company in Los Angeles was an easy going chap, but was given a bad shock when he showed up for work one Monday morning. The boss called him into his office and fired him. As he was cleaning out his locker, another worker asked: "What's the matter? You're not leaving are you?" "Yes", nodded the fired employee. "The boss just told me that I was a good enough exterminator, but I lacked the killer instinct."

A young husband who realized it was time to start saving money decided to stop using the bus. Therefore, he ran all the way home behind the bus and arrived gasping for breath. "Darling, he told his wife, "guess what?" "I saved 20 cents this evening by running home behind the bus." "That was a silly thing to do", she said. "Why didn't you run behind a taxi and save a dollar."

The blacksmith placed a horseshoe on the anvil and said to his assistant: "When I nod my head, you hit it."

The funeral will be this afternoon at three o'clock.

The charge against a man appearing in the Domestic Relations Division of the municipal court was wife desertion. With impressive earnestness, the defendant faced the court and said: "Judge, if you knew my wife like I know her, you wouldn't call me a deserter. I'm not a deserter. I'm a refugee."

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Warning his teenage son about the evils of drink, a father cautioned: "Remember, the man who drinks like a fish is easily hooked."

When the owner of a timber tract sent out a lumber crew of 50 men and three women to cook for them, he told the camp boss: "Don't turn in long reports. Just give me a few figures each week, and I can tell how you are getting along." The next week, he received this note: Two percent of the men have married 33½ percent of the women.

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A second grade teacher in Oswego, New York, reports she noticed during class construction of a space ship that one of her pupils was upset and close to tears. The teacher asked him what the trouble was. The youngster blurted: "The girls want to put up curtains in our space ship." Mrs. V. Clark

The trouble with women in business, said a prominent businessman, is if you treat em like men, they cry: and if you treat em like women, darned if they don't get the best of you. Barbara Williams.

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Robert Q. Lewis knows a poor Texas family. They use yesterday's water in the swimming pool and eat left-over pheasant-burgers.

Complaining of being tired, a housewife visited her doctor and was advised: "Take frequent baths, get plenty of fresh air and dress in cool clothes." When she returned home, her husband asked what the doctor had prescribed. She explained: "He said I must have three weeks at Hot Springs, followed by a short stay in the Adirondacks and that I should buy some new, light clothes at once."

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THE CURSE OF DRINK: An inebriated character, involved in a high stakes poker game, caught one of the players dealing from the bottom of the deck. So he trundled out a cannon and took a shot at him. Old light fingers brought charges and the drunk appeared before the judge.

"You were drinking," said the judge, "so I must tell you something. It was liquor that got you into the poker game in the first place. It was liquor that made you mad when you caught this crook cheating. It was liquor that made you draw your gun and shoot him. And I hope you realize it was liquor that caused you to miss him."

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A barber shop customer was complaining about the high cost of haircuts. "I've just returned from London", he said. "Over there I was able to get a good haircut for 65 cents." "Yes," retorted the barber. "But look at the fare."



The Music Box



by Buck Bordeleau

Popular music is the rhythm that surrounds your life, you whistle humm, sing and dream it. Your life is regulated by it, when the song is happy, so are you; when the music is sad, you are too.

One of the most successful of the mood-makers is "Frank Sinatra" — THE VOICE. The first record he cut "ALL or Nothing at ALL" with Harry James didn't go over very well at the time, but to-day it has become one of his greatest successes. Frankie is multi-sided musically, perhaps, he is most famous for his velvety exposition of romantic sentiments. He can sing any type or style of song, from the autumnal grace of "Hello Young Lovers" through the bop-influenced "It All Depends on You" along to the charming romance of "Time After Time". This is certainly an impressive display of popular art, as only Frankie can do. He is certainly my all time favourite vocalist and I also speak for my "Bijou".

Speaking of styles, none can match the equally famous, versatile, Peggy Lee. Her vocalizing has a depth of emotions seldom found in to-day's singers. Peggy's a small town girl who made good in the big city, she captured her audiences hearts almost immediately after leaving the Benny Goodman band with her rendition of "Why Don't You Do Right". From

then on her success have taken her into the top night-spots, television, radio and movieland. In her long career Peggy has recorded such classics as "Lover", "I've Grown Accustomed To His Face", "You Go To My Head", "Street of Dreams", and many others.

In Al Hibbler, there is something magical and thoroughly original in his singing style. His unique phrasing, his foggy, deep-throated quality makes him a standout amongst to-day's entertainers. Al has been around for quite sometime. As a jazz singer he was featured with the Duke Ellington band for eight years, but only in the past four or five years has he reached prominence with his rendition of "Unchained Melody". He can sing anything, his voice can't actually be categorized as pop, blues, or jazz.

I especially like his "Stella By Starlight" number, the fact that Stella is his mother's name, could very well have something to do with it, however, it is very well done by Al Hibbler. As most of you know, Al is blind, but his blindness has never been a deterrent in his accomplishment, for to-day he is ranked among the top entertainers.

In closing may I remind all of you faithful readers that if you have any records, old or new, to donate, your contributions would be greatly appreciated by the entire prison population. Thank you.

RECORD REVIEW

Excellent—3 stars. . Good—2 stars. .
Fair—1 star. .

Roy Hamilton — YOU'LL NEVER
WALK ALONE LP. — LM 3294.

"YOU'LL NEVER WALK ALONE"

Roy certainly has a good set of lungs,
for he sings this one exceptionally well.
There's no doubt in my mind that Roy
is going to be around for quite a while.
Every number on this L.P. is terrific. .
Three stars.

Peggy Lee — DREAM STREET L.P.-
D.L. 8411

"Street of Dreams"

Da-da-dum-de-da! Oops, almost got
carried away into that far away Dream
Street. After listening to this song a
couple of times I was convinced, more
than ever, that there will never be an-
other Peggy Lee. Three Stars.

Perry Como — "SO SMOOTH" L.
P.-1085

"I've Got the World on a String"

I don't like this number, I'm not sure
if it's the tune or the singer, however,
Perry is a smooth singer, but he mur-
ders this one. If I had to listen to this
kind of singing all day I'd go mad. One
Star.

Frank Sinatra — CLOSE TO YOU
L.P.-W789

"I Couldn't Sleep a Wink Last Night"
When Frankie sings, he simply sends
me. He's my all time favourite. The
title of this L.P best describes Frankie,
for when he sings, he truly is Close to
You. Three Stars.

Patti Page — IN THE LAND OF
HI-FI L.P.-M.G. 36074

"The Lady Is a Tramp"

Very Good. Of course, Patti is always
good, she has a style all her own. I
like Pete Candoli's trumpet in the
background, and Pete Rugalo's ar-
rangement. . .Two Stars.

So long for now, Friends. See you
next month when we'll cover the
Blues.



One day when I was in Riverside, I did decide that this was where my
friend Burnside did reside. Now I was on the East Side of Riverside and Burn-
side did reside on the West Side of Riverside so of course I must cross from the
East Side to the West Side before I could see Burnside. I searched for the house
on the North Side so I crossed from my side to the other side and found where
Burnside did reside. I rang the bell from the outside and a woman opened the
door from the inside. I asked if this was where Burnside did reside. She sighed
and cried — said Burnside had died — committed suicide. So I did not get to
see Burnside. Of course I was horrified and went to a saloon and got ossified.



Man is not to be pitied when his hatred and greed leads him along crime's
path to prison gates. But I cannot help feeling sorry for him when he is re-
leased with a few dollars in his pocket, because our society will always delight
in reminding him of his shame. The social door is closed to the man with
a record. Many jobs are beyond his reach even though he might be better
qualified than most applicants; yet they scream "no good" if he turns to crime
as a last resort and they chance to meet him at the mouth of some dark alley
behind the muzzle of a .45 They fail to stop and rationalize the psychological
results of their inhumanity to man.

Alcoholics Anonymous' Corner

ALCOHOLICS ANON. CORNER

Ed. Note:—The following article is a reprint taken from the "Family Her-

ald" and given to the "C.B. DIAMOND" by J.S. Michell, Editor of the Collin's Bay A.A. "Vision" magazine.

THE OBSERVER

I doubt if ever a week goes by without some "drunk" dying in a Canadian jail. I never read of such a case without a feeling of real pity. As my mother used to say, long ago: Poor soul, he belonged to somebody." In other words, while his death might not be regarded as a loss by society, it was a heart-breaking finish for someone who had borne him, or who had married him, or perhaps to some little child who called him "daddy".

Any doctor will tell you that an alcoholic is a sick man in the true sense of the word. As sick as a person with cancer or leprosy or pneumonia. His whole system cries out for alcohol — if he cannot get that alcohol, death may be an indirect result.

AN ALCOHOLIC IS NOT AN ORDINARY DRUNKARD

I have more true pity and sympathy for the alcoholic than for the ordinary drunkard and there is a vast difference. A man may be a drunk for any number of reasons, none of them sensible. The next morning he has a thick head, coated tongue and queasy stomach. The sight of liquor is abhorrent to him. **Many men have been drunk all their lives, without becoming alcoholics. The alcoholic is a different being. Once he tastes liquor it obsesses him. He will stagger home late at night and the next morning his system is on fire until he gets more liquor. As the disease progresses, he is utterly helpless against**

it. He will sell all he has to get liquor. He insults his friends, ostracises his family, begs or even steals to get money to buy alcohol. In the end he is more animal-like than human.

Will power is useless. The strongest-willed man I ever knew was an alcoholic. He took a farm ten miles from a town. For two years he swore he would beat alcoholism by never going to town. For two years he fought a hellish fight alone. Then one day he walked off his combine and cut across the fields towards town. It was three months before he sobered up again—a man almost on the verge of insanity. There is a difference between him and the man who gets drunk for fun.

Alcohol is no respecter of class, creed or sex. A weakness towards the disease may be inherited. By the same token, it may break out in a family that hasn't even had a member who has ever tasted alcohol in any form. There is of course no danger of becoming an alcoholic if you don't drink; but that is beside the point.

TEARS AND TANTRUMS USELESS

As researchers study the malady, they have established a few facts. The paramount one is that it is a disease—hence, society should not torture the helpless victim. It would seem that the alcoholic who suffers some emotional deficiency, has never quite grown up enough to face life's reality. Thus, the family that nags the alcoholic member

is making a terrible mistake. Tears, tantrums, even prayers and pleading will not cure him. He needs someone to lean on, someone to help him. Hence the tremendous importance of "Alcoholics Anonymous" and their work. The members of A.A. — all reformed alcoholics, are as brave and sacrificing as we will ever know. Most governments are recognizing that now, as a century ago they became humane enough to realize that the mentally ill deserved treatment, not public abuse. More rehabilitation centres are being

built and that is a good thing. Unfortunately, to get one, the alcoholic usually has to pass through a jail. It is alcohol that starts the dread delirium tremens and the awful illness that can end the life of the alcoholic in prison. I believe liquor should be kept on hand in jails and given as medicine to those poor tortured creatures who are physically unable to return to sobriety in one single step. It may sound appalling to some, but I'd rather have it on my conscience than the death of even the lowest of my fellow man.



Prison

by John A. Hannah

What is Prison—to most of us it is a walled, barred enclosure, where transgressors are caged. In reality it is a teacher, a teacher and a killer, for it teaches the novice to become an expert through constant association with recidivists who have spent years perfecting the trade. It kills ambition and will, by removing the right to think and leaves only a mind filled with bitterness and with no thought for self-betterment.

It neither reforms nor prepares men for society, but sends them out into the world as a living organism with no ambitions, desires, or self-confidence. It is a city, a city of dejection and despair, of no progress whatever, a city where life itself stands still, and from this city remnants of once proud men are sent out into the world.

If a prison is to serve its purpose it must first separate the offender as to age, type of offence and whether it is the first mistake or one of a long string of offences. It must place trust and confidence in the convicted man, and give him assistance and counseling, depending on what he needs, so he may better understand himself, not destroy

his will. It must give encouragement for a better future, not ridicule for a wasted past. It must help a man to regain his faith in humanity and set his drives toward an honest goal.

Humans make mistakes — the world has been built on trial and error — but only when the error is found and corrected can success be achieved. And when society begins to understand what help he needs, then, and only then, will prisons be serving their purpose.

You can only lock up a man for so long, and then you must release him, if he has not been taught the error of his former ways and helped to get a new start in life, but leaves with only hate and bitterness in his heart, surely society will suffer. For anyone can scorn a man for what he has done — anyone can revile him for his past mistakes — but it takes understanding to help. Caging a man is not needed, it has yet to do any good, what is needed, and drastically needed, is trust, understanding guidance, and faith — with faith alone man can move mountains — can he not, therefore, rebuild men?



H O B B

GENUINE LEATHER

Leatherwork

Purses

Wallets

Pocket Secretaries

Key Cases

Spectacle Cases

Briefcases

Belts

Bible Covers

Photo Album Covers

3 Ring Binder Cases



Help an Inmate Help himself
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Copper Plate Tooling

Small Wall Plaques

Aluminum Etchings

weaving

Rug Hooking

Model Aircraft & Boats

Collin's Bay Penitentiary

P. O. Box 190

Kingston, Ontario



A PRISON PARADOX

By Buck Bordeleau



Some of you may think it's simple to write about rules in our penitentiaries without getting a little steamed-up inside, or rather, a little hurt. Isn't it silly to talk about rehabilitation and everything and yet embitter the men with such ridiculous medieval regulations as our present half hour monthly visit. A whole thirty minutes to speak to your wife, your sister, or maybe your son or daughter. What can you possibly say in 30 minutes? Especially if you haven't seen your wife or mother in six months, or maybe a year. For it isn't always easy for them to spare a full day, and sometimes two days, in travelling to and from the penitentiary to be with their loved one, for a paltry 30 minutes a month. If not for the inmates benefit, then at least as a courtesy to the families who devote so much time and money in travelling those weary miles to see their loved one.

There are exactly 8,760 hours in a year, are we, therefore, being so unreasonable in requesting 12 of these hours, per year, in place of the present 6 hours.

Over 95 percent of the prisons across the United States and Europe enjoy from two to four hour visits monthly. Why can't "we" have a one hour monthly visit? What earthly reason can our penitentiaries directors have, in prohibiting the one hour visit per month in our Canadian Penitentiaries?

What purpose does this present half hour actually serve? I honestly don't know — do you? To use the Honourable Davy Fulton's own words: "Rehabilitation is our goal — not punishment."

Why then, not start with a one hour monthly visit?

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What Is Prison ?

by Al Thompson

Prison is a losing of self; a monotonous toiling towards a distant horizon, which is hope. Prison is forced subjugation of mind to another's authority. Prison is many things, but mostly prison is monotony— every yesterday blending into every tomorrow; for a prisoner, there is no today, no yesterday, and only the hope of a distant tomorrow. Prison is a long boring grind; a tedious struggle against time. Prison itself cannot conquer, only the atmosphere, permeated with apathy and laden with dead desires can conquer, if we will it.

Prison is the unnatural suppression of all desires; the death of all dreams; the end of reality. Prison is the end of the

road, but it can be the beginning of a new life for those who wish it. For those who are willing to benefit from past mistakes and work for future attainments, prison can become the stepping-stone to a better future.

We who are bounded by stone walls can be free of prison, if our goals are worthwhile and our souls are free.

You, in the free world can imprison yourselves, by allowing others to decide for you, by shirking your share of responsibility— for you helped put us here, and surely hold some small part of the responsibility for our future. Yes you too can be imprisoned—by prejudice and fear, while never entering within our walls.



TIME

by Al Thompson

TIME—The endless ribbon; the mystical nothing. Held by none yet holds all. Touched by none, yet touches all. Our master, yet our servant. A slave yet a tyrant.

TIME—Different to everyone; yet always the same. Our ally or our enemy. To the imprisoned, time can be a curse or a blessing; a time of brooding or a time of self-improvement; a time of remorse over the past or a time of reformation towards the future.

TIME—belongs to us all; it can be served, or it can serve. If we attempt to climb the path of knowledge, to a better understanding of ourselves and our world; to learn new skills and

hobbies then time will serve us.. It will, with our help, lift us to the heights and prepare us to better meet our future and attain our desires. But, if we spend the days in recriminations and mockery against authority, in feeling sorry for ourselves and in senseless jibbing against our lot, then we are the slaves of time and will continue to be chained to it.

We must sharpen our minds and renew our faith in the rightness of the world— we must learn to work as a child learns to walk; one step at a time, on the long road to redemption and we must set our goal and labour ceaselessly towards it. THEN we are the Master and time is OUR servant.

Editorially Speaking



WHAT IS THE PURPOSE OF PRISON?

Prison is a necessity in our society, for the transgressor must be punished. But is punishment enough? Punishment is no deterrent, as has been proved for countless centuries. Punishment breeds bitterness; bitterness breeds vengeance and so the treadmill continues.

Society's vengeance is no deterrent, so it follows that imprisonment for vengeance is both foolish and costly. If prison is to serve its purpose, it must be a deterrent, and that is where the crux of the matter comes in. If punishment is useless, as has been proven, then the only possibility is education. For the educated man who understands the world and can compete on an even basis with the rest of society is seldom a transgressor against its laws. The prison must, of necessity, be a place of rehabilitation — the stress must be taken off punishment and put on re-building.

A man must be taught, not only what he does wrong — which he already knows — but why he does it. He must be conditioned, by training, to fit into society and to operate smoothly as a gear fits into a machine. Society is like a machine where all gears must mesh for smooth, efficient operation.

A prisoner is still a human being, with hopes, fears and ambitions throughout all phases of his imprisonment, if there is to be any hope for a thorough reformation.

Society, for its own protection, should lend a helping hand to those who fall — for are we not all sinners in the sight of God?

QUOTES FROM THE DAILY PRESS

HALF-CENTURY OF EXPERIENCE FINDS CRIMINAL WORTH SAVING London Free Press

More than a half century in the prisons of North America as a Salvation Army officer provided Lt. Col. Wallace Bunton, ex-Western Ontario divisional commander, material for his address to the Rotary Club yesterday at Hotel London.

To the question: "Is the criminal worth saving?" Lt. Col. Bunton provided his own answer, based on his years of experience working with prisoners. "A thousand times yes," he said.

The officer has found the most notorious criminals redeemable. Some 40 so-called "lifers" he has worked with are settled down, with homes, wives, families and respectable jobs.

"In one case, I was told a prisoner never was any good, and never would be any good," the speaker explained. "But to-day if I had his money and his business, I would never have to worry about material things again."

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SECRET IS PATIENCE

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The secret to restoring criminals to a worthwhile place in society is in the help he is given, and the patience of others, said Lt. Col. Bunton. "It is one thing to get them out of prison, and another thing to help them and keep them going," he added.

"If he falls again, help him to his feet. And if he falls again and again, keep helping him to his feet, and some day he will stay there," added the Salvation Army officer.

Lt. Col. Bunton, a former member of London Rotary, is now a member of the Ontario Parole Board. He was introduced by Lt. Col. C.N. Warrander, Western Ontario divisional commander of the Salvation Army, and a member of Rotary.

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LAWYERS—WANT SYSTEM UNIFIED—The Ottawa Citizen

Arthur Kelly, president of the Canadian Bar Association, said today the time has come for immediate action to bring about a uniformity in the administration of justice in Canada.

Speaking at the opening session of the 40th annual convention of the Canadian Bar Association, he called for an association-sponsored conference to consider steps necessary to achieve improvement and uniformity in Canadian law.

Text of his address was released to the press before delivery.

The Toronto lawyer said that at such a conference "the workings of the administration of justice in the various provinces could be brought under critical review toward the end that the exchange of information and the pooling of experience might point out a path to be followed and the pitfalls to be avoided."

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LAYMEN INCLUDED

He suggested membership to such a conference should include judges, lawyers and laymen — "the consumer element."

Such a representative group would remove "from the realm of politics, emotion and local pressures the important questions which lie to be decided and would result in placing before the people of Canada a constructive plan pointing the way for progressive changes over a period of years".

Mr. Kelly listed five ways in which a greater uniformity should be sought:

The duties of judges should be cut down and made more uniform.

There should be a periodic readjustment of the territorial limits served by a judge so that the volume of work of all judges may be approximately equalized.

There should be some adjustment made in judges' salaries in keeping with changing social and economic conditions and the jurisdictions of superior and inferior courts should be realigned.

Differences in procedure not essential to the rights of the parties involved should be eliminated.

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JOB FOR U.K. CONVICTS OUTSIDE JAIL, HOLIDAYS — Toronto Star

The British prisons commission today announced a revolutionary program for releasing good-conduct convicts to take civilian jobs outside prison walls and spend week-end leaves with their families.

Selected convicts serving any sentence over four years — and including life imprisonment — will be provided with civilian clothes. They may keep their earnings. Special hostels will be established adjoining six of Britain's main prisons to house the convicts. The plan includes week-ends off for those prisoners who work weekdays.

The commission directed that the convicts be issued whatever clothing they need including sports jacket, sweater, two shirts, trousers, working shoes and a cap.

"The object of the scheme is to restore a prisoner's self-confidence and to ease his re-entry into civilian life," a government spokesman said.

But any prisoner returning from work or leave "intoxicated or otherwise unfit to enter will be locked up in the main prison until he can be dealt with," the commission said.

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PROBATION HEAD PLEADS FOR PLAN TO SAVE 75 p.c. — The Globe

Establishment of an adequate probation system throughout Canada could result in the reclamation of 75% of the persons sentenced to prison terms, Daniel Coughlan, Ontario director of probation services declared yesterday.

The Canadian penal system has been singularly unsuccessful, particularly in the high incidence of prison repeaters, he told the Optimist Club.

"Up to 75 per cent of our prison population have been in prison before and the number of such repeaters keeps increasing," Mr. Coughlan said.

"Of 13,000 persons on probation in the province last year 8,500 were gainfully employed and represented \$17,000,000 that was put back into the economy," he added. "Only 900 of these people had to report back to courts and of this number only 400 appeared again in court."

By contrast, he said, it cost \$1,500 to \$2,000 annually to keep a man in prison.

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REAL PEOPLE LIVE BEHIND THOSE WALLS

There are occasions when the penal press carries an article on prisons that is exceptional, such as this piece written by Miss Anne T. Corey for the Menard Time.

Popular opinion is a funny thing. It comes in three flavours: good, bad and indifferent — the last being the most popular.

It can be laughable and it can be tragic; most often it's both.

Go along with it and you're a "conformist". Cross it, and you're a "radical". Back away from it, and you're "avoiding the issue". Then there's the half and half sort of individual, otherwise known as an "eccentric".

I'm an eccentric. I associate with convicts.

Make that statement to an average outsider, and you will get one of four basic reactions:

1. Shocked surprise. ("You what? You mean criminals? In jail?")
2. Sympathetic admiration—the "charity" bit. ("Oh, I think it's so sweet of you to take an interest in those poor unfortunate souls.")
3. Tolerant contempt. ("Don't you

think you're wasting your time, associating with people like that?")

4. Uneasy change of subject. ("Do you?" Nervous laugh. "That's interesting. Now about that other thing we were discussing. . .")

The first two are typical of women, the third of men and the fourth of almost everybody. Once in a while there is a strong expression of disapproval, but far harder to cope with is a kind of embarrassed indifference. Convicts are a breed which most people would rather ignore than talk about.

Why?

What makes a convict?

He isn't born that way. He's born a human being, to begin with, with no notations attached to indicate he's any different from the rest of us. Somewhere on the road from infancy to adulthood something goes wrong—maybe a lot of things. His behavior becomes antisocial enough to violate a law; he is caught, sentenced, and sent to prison.

By definition he is now a convict—"one convicted of and under a sentence for a crime," according to Mr. Webster. There is nothing in that definition to indicate that he has ceased to be human. There is nothing to indicate that the place to which he will be sent—"a building or other place for the safe custody of criminals or others committed by lawful authority"—is a strange sort of zoo, inhabited only by two-legged animals in striped denim.

But an awful lot of people think there is.

Perhaps it is hard for us, the so-called "nice" people of society, to admit even to ourselves that a man who has committed a felony is capable of becoming a useful citizen. We are inclined to believe that such an act sets him completely apart from us; transforms him into something less than human.

That the difference is one of degree rather than intent never occurs to us—and yet most of us have ourselves been guilty of minor crimes against society: the red light we saw but didn't stop for; the speed limit we ignored at the risk of three passengers' lives as well as our

own; the much padded expense account we "got away with"; the postage stamp we "borrowed" from the office cashbox and never replaced.

Many of us have been guilty of an intense if momentary desire to kill; it is convenient to forget what prevented it could have been a lack of nerve and opportunity at the moment in question. It is human nature for us to say to ourselves. "Yes, but no matter what happened, I could never do a thing like that." Prisons are full of contradictions to that statement.

Even if it were true, what would it prove? Merely, perhaps, that we grew up in a reasonably happy home on the right side of town, associated with a "nice" group of boys and girls, did not feel the pinch of economic necessity too early in life, and absorbed enough respect for law and order (or enough fear of it) to behave ourselves, at least where we could be seen. The fact that we "could not" commit a serious crime—if indeed we couldn't—isn't always due to moral fibre. It can just as easily be lack of a serious motive or of the kind of environment conducive to crime.

I think that most of us realize that, but it isn't a pleasant thought. And it is human nature to avoid unpleasant thoughts, especially when they suggest responsibilities.

So, once we have done our "duty", once a man has been branded a criminal and placed safely behind bars, we turn our attention elsewhere. He is no longer our problem. Let the state take care of him. "Convicted", in the public mind, is too often synonymous with "forgotten".

What is worse, an "ex" attached to the word "convict" does not improve the public view of him. Too often, an ex-con is something to be regarded with distrust and suspicion, a sort of potential menace. He finds it difficult—sometimes impossible—to secure a job, a place in the community to which he should be entitled. He is an outcast, a wart on the thumb of society. He has

lost his civil rights, and worse, his social rights.

Happily, people's minds can be changed. Given a little information and an average amount of intelligence, they can be persuaded that cons and ex-cons, are, after all people. Sometimes it takes surprisingly little to do it.

I know, because I'm one of them. Somebody had to teach me.

Several years ago I spent a summer working in a camera shop in a medium-sized southern town. Late in July, a new man came to work for us. Call him Joe. He was a tall, rather pale, dark haired man, solidly built, who spoke little and avoided people as much as possible. He was put to work in the gift, operating semi-automatic machinery which developed snapshots. It was an unskilled job, poorly paid, and most of Joe's fellow workers were girls just out of high school. Most of us wondered what a man Joe's age was doing in that kind of job; otherwise we paid little attention.

Then the rumour slipped out that Joe was an ex-convict.

Instantly he became the chief topic of conversation. Customers were left standing while whispering groups of shopgirls speculated on Joe's background, his crime, his prison sentence. Rows of eyes watched his arrivals and departures in silence until he was out of the shop. His co-workers were drawn aside and queried closely concerning his very move. A few parents registered complaints about their daughters working with an ex-convict.

One day Joe came back from lunch with a package. I was cleaning shelves down at one end of the shop, while the supervisor watched the shop at the other end. I saw Joe hesitate, then stop and speak to her briefly. A few minutes later she came back to where I was working a strange expression on her face.

"He bought a pair of shoes," she said. "He wanted to know if they were all right. He's been away for so long—he isn't sure of the style anymore." She paused thoughtfully, "You know, it

must be an awful feeling, being so out of touch with things. I can just imagine myself trying to buy a wardrobe after 15 years of seeing only uniforms."

The story got around, and with it, a certain amount of understanding. We stopped thinking of Joe as something to be stared at and began to think of him as a guy with a lot of problems. The whole atmosphere changed. Once we got used to it, so did Joe. He turned out to have a sharp sense of humour and a flair for putting weighty thoughts into words of one syllable. Within a few weeks he was as popular as anyone in the shop. Nothing more was said about his record; it had stopped being important. Joe had become a person first, an ex-con second.

Unfortunately, it isn't always that easy. The world is full of people with preconceived prejudices and firmly entrenched ideas. Sometimes it takes a major upheaval to unseat them.

Letter writing is a sort of hobby with me; I like talking to people. I happened to mention one day in the middle of a coffee break, and with no particular thought of the consequences involved, that I had acquired a couple of convicts among my correspondents.

The reaction was immediate and vehement. I certainly wasn't going to answer those letters, was I? What was I thinking about associating with "people like that? Was I out of my mind?"

"People like what?" I retorted. "Why shouldn't I answer them? We're discussing books, not crime, and they have some pretty interesting ideas. As a matter of fact they write better letters than most of my other correspondents."

This sally was met with a chorus of "Yes, buts—", followed by inarticulate silences. It is impossible to reason with a "Yes, but". The discussion that followed was a lesson in futility.

It might have dropped there, except for an incident that occurred a few weeks later. Office gossip had it we were getting an employee whose husband was serving time in a New Mexico prison. During the next few days a flood of unfavorable comment circulated



about the building and terminated in a barbed conversation held around my desk one afternoon.

There is nothing more zealous than a recent convert —especially one with an Irish temper. I blew my top.

In the ensuing interval, a great many rash things were said in language unbecoming to a lady. And while I would not recommend it as a usual thing, I can not deny that for once anger succeeded where reasoning had failed. As someone said later, "I thought if you could get that mad about it, there must be something in it."

Easier on the nervous system (and usually more effective) is the introduction of a prison publication to the average outsider. Most people never see the inside of a prison— or a police court, for that matter. The world of convicts and criminals is as strange to them as if it belonged to another planet. What ideas they do have are full of weird misconceptions gleaned from movies, TV

and popular crime fiction. A copy of the Menard Times left "accidentally" on someones desk produces curiosity, amazement, approval, and once in a while indignation: I have yet to see it produce indifference.

Busy or not, the average person will pick it up, read the headlines, brows through the inside pages, and look at the pictures. Sooner or later he notices the word "convicts" or "inmate" or the stencilled number on a prisoner's uniform and, somewhat startled, look back to the front page to find out what he's reading. A typical reaction runs something like this:

"Why, this is a prison newspaper! I didn't realize they had newspapers in prisons; it's just like a small town paper, isn't it? A canning factory and a knitting mill and a tobacco shop. . . and here's something about an inmate store. . . . and a blood drive. . . there is even a chapter on AA. Say, I've never seen anything like this before. Can I borrow it for a while?"

Believe it or not, that quote isn't exaggerated. I have a triple subscription to *The Time*. One copy is my own. The other two pass from hand to hand among those of my friends who are developing an interest in prison life from the inside. They have no personal tie with prisoners: they are acquainted with no one who is in jail. They're just outsiders who are beginning to realize that prisons are filled with people, in some respect like themselves.

Nobody in his right mind is going to try to convince people that prisons are places of sweetness and light and convicts all reformed bad boys trying hard to be good. They aren't. But once the outsider realizes that putting a man behind bars doesn't change the fact that he's a human being, he can usually figure the rest out for himself. On an individual basis, his judgement isn't likely to be any worse than it is with civilians.

And while an enlightened society might not mean much to the man currently behind bars, it's going to mean an awful lot to him upon his release

from the standpoint of securing a job for no other reason.

The situation is improving, however slowly. One New York restaurateur, for example, makes a practise of hiring as many qualified employees as he can find among the ranks of the ex-cons. It is not an easy thing for a parolee or discharged man to get a job on the outside; it probably never will be. But more and more companies are lowering the barriers. You can run into an "ex" in any number of places, these days.

Take the afternoon I was operating a telephone switchboard for a small business firm. A telephone company repairman worked on the other side of the board checking new installation work. At one point, annoyed by the insistence of one of my "customers", I closed the key and reverted to a little prison slang.

"Drop him in the dozens." I growled to myself. "I tried to tell him you didn't want to be interrupted."

There was a startled sound from behind the board and I looked up into the face of a repairman slack-jawed with amazement. We stared at each other, our eyes meeting in mutual recognition. He was speechless, but where? was written all over his face.

I couldn't help but laugh. Taking a chance that his expression meant what I thought it did, I grinned back at him. Same place you did... but indirectly."

I was right. He had been out less than a year. Unable to restrain the impulse to find out what it was like, I asked a lot of questions that were, strictly speaking, none of my business. He was cooperative, however, and we spent a good part of his lunch hour discussing the trials and tribulations of ex-convicts.

"It wasn't so good at first," he told me. "Most of the guys I work with know about my record. Some of them till won't have anything to do with me. But after the first few weeks, some of them decided to give me a break. And one thing that helps is curiosity. You'd

be surprised at the questions I get asked."

I grinned. "Oh no I wouldn't. You should hear some of the questions I get asked."

Until a better method is found, I am inclined to think that the most potent force for the education of the public regarding prisons and convicts is the penal press. Nothing reaches the public like the printed word; it is a mass media which neither radio nor television have ever been able to unseat. And yet, from a standpoint of potency, it falls far short of actual experience as a public eye-opener.

For I can remember my own words to Warden Randolph last March following my first and only sight of a penitentiary from the inside. "I wish," I said then, "that every man or woman who is eligible for jury duty... or who someday might meet an ex-convict, could see for himself what the inside of a well-run prison looks like. I think it would do more toward making a well informed citizen than a lifetime of reading newspapers."

And every time I run across an upstanding citizen who mouths phrases such as "that kind of people", and turns away in horror at the thought of association with an ex-convict. I am reminded of a paragraph from Donald Powell Wilson's "My Six Convicts":

"It has become almost axiomatic to say that a man becomes a criminal not by his first offence, but by his first imprisonment. He has become a jailbird, and that is how society looks at him, with very rare exceptions, when he is released. If society doesn't want to meet that man again in five or ten or twenty years at the wrong end of a gun, it had better study the needs, fears, drives and pathologies of that man and its own evils that helped create them. It had better give him a real second chance. Society will have to decide whether it wants animalistic revenge or a solution of crime. It can not have both."



THE FINGER



Hi fellas, here I am again with some scandal I picked up here and there. Some's good, some's bad and some is unprintable (if you know what I mean). You cannot escape me, for I am everywhere, I see all and tell all. My faithful little FINGER is always pointing at you.

Now, we hear that ole Barney M. is trying to compete with young Gord H. boy oh boy, the nerve of that old timer. . . . Terry the Farmer always talkin' about his Mrs. hmmm. . . . John D. that bull dozer operator, goin' 'round in circles—could it be ticket fever, John? . . . Oh Peg "O" My Heart I love you, da da dee, I love you, I always knew it would be you, since I met your liftin' laughter, its your dum-de-dum I'm after. . . . Gord G. has a pretty nice build on him — take a look at him, sometimes. . . .

Frank K.'s got them all locked up. . . . you lucky stiff, you. . . . Say Canary why don't you give us a break on the range, will ya. . . . Hey Con, wha hoppe to that Friday night request, I mean this one: "To Tata From Papa" ha ha. . . . The Tiger says the Lions are not as ferocious as he thought they'd be—except maybe that sharpshooter Jesse J. . . . Gosh, I missed that cocktail party in the kitchen a couple a months ago, a barrel of pure C.B.P. brandy — hmmm hmmm. . . .

Hi Buggsy, you sceamin' 'cause I calls you Buggy? You like it better I call you "Queenie", maybe?? But oh no no, for this time I calls you nice boy O.K.?? Eddie K. takin' over the Crow's job. Come to think of it, he does look like the Crow doesn't he? . . . How's everything B., little R. alright? Do you know the you owe me about a million chatouilles,? ha ha. . . . Good to see Nick back in circulation again eh. . . . Al B. getting real short. . . . in the head, that is. . . . Easy Jones, easy. You may lose more weight than you care to. . . . Whity can really bet like mad — wish he'd pay up like mad. . . . They got Leslie on the farm apparently he likes it — or is it the carrots and turnips he likes??? Dacey making like the change room boss — he'd probably make a good one at that. . . .

Al D. doin' a little flippin' upstairs — they tell me he's a second Mattola—nothing wrong with Mattola that a straight jacket couldn't cure. . . . He was quit serious one morning when he asked Mr. Dick if his wife was also a bricklayer. hmmm. Well, let's go on. John W. packed in the brick course, John sez: I'll be damned if I'll start bending down at my age. . . . Jimmy Les. seems to be in good spirits, even tho he lost his politician's go. . . . Charlie L. still losing weight—he's down to a mere 240 lbs. . . .

More bluebirds have been thrown via the Quarry than any other place I know. Not for long tho! For that doll is leaving us just about now — you lucky girls you. . . . Rocky Baldy has quite a knock-out punch on him — ask Legacci he knows more about it than I do. . . . Tex L. making like the Jazz-bo, well Tex you ain't Jazz-bo, see? 'Cause Jim Fish is, thass hoo. . . . Looks like Red R. has a hard time shaking it. Wonder if he sees any elephants in his drum at night?.

How ya doin' Brownie, taught the 69er how to handle a pick & shovel yet "A pick", says Benny, "wuzzat"? I admit it is harder to pronounce words without your upper-chopper, eh Ben? . . . This good lookin' Lorne has me sort of confused, he walks gashy-like, but I don't know, not yet, anyway. . . . Schell was revealing some gruesome information the other day. "wow, do you ever cop out in your sleep"! Buck was telling me the other day how he cooled the Hot Dro

Kid, is Dave S. the hot dropper?? Art L. requesting certain songs Friday nights or a certain cake, hmm. . . Nick I., you'd better keep your eyes open, I think someone's on the grass!! Dick B. has a hard time controlling the syndicate, too many fingers in the pie", said Dick. Bill C. is always hummin' or whistin' the trouble is, its always the same tune, "Everything I Have Is Yours". . . .

Looks like some of you will be pickin' butts for a few months after that Grey Cup game. . . Dave S., Pete C., Dick B., Big Tiny, Ken M., Terry S., Lord H., Al T. & many more blew their shirt on that game — you marks. Dave & was a little pale during the game, . . . as a matter of fact, he passed out about five times during the third and last quarter—by the look of his squash now, he looks like he never recovered. . . Well that ends the printable scandal for this month, but "beware", next month the "Finger" may be pointing at YOU!



DID YOU KNOW ???

1. How to obtain information on the balance in your personal trust account?
.. Send a request with the Night Range Officer to the accountant's attention, informing him of your requirement.

2. How to apply for a work change?
.. Send a request with the Night Range Officer to the Chief Keeper's attention. You must have your request in no later than the Thursday evening prior to the Wednesday sitting of the Work Assignment Board.

3. The reason why, as an inmate, you are only allowed to purchase \$50.00 worth of Hobby-craft articles per year?

.. The Commissioner of Penitentiaries directed that the sum of \$50.00 will be the limit for the purchase of articles of hobby-craft to be sent home as gifts to relatives, providing the purchasing inmate has sufficient funds at the credit of his Trust Account.

4. How to renew your driver's permit?

.. You send a request with the Night Range Officer to the Chief Keeper's attention. You must have sufficient personal funds to cover the transaction.

5. When and how to obtain a request form?

.. Request forms may be obtained through the Night Range Officer. You may obtain request forms every night with the exception of Friday, Saturday, and nights prior to holidays.

6. How to obtain your Date of Release?

.. An approximate date may be received from the Senior Clerk upon a request being made through the request form.





✱ ✱ ✱

KOMPOUND

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KWEERIES

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By "Colonel Snatchenjimmer"

Dear SnatchenClaws:

This is the first Christmas I have spent in stir. Will Santa Claus know where I am? Could I write and tell him I've been a good boy? I only stuck up a couple of gas stations, two banks, and 21 streetcar conductors. Please let me know.

Kid Bandit

Dear Young 'Un:

I see where you need some good fatherly advice. By all means get permission to write to Santa. The newspapers don't hit the North Pole, so unless some Eskimo on the DEW line got word via dog-sled, airypplane, he will not know about your escapades. I wouldn't tell him what happened, other than you were framed—everyone else does. He might drop off a gift in his travels.

Dutiful Dad

Dear Grompound:

I have had a few Christmases in jail. I spent 1950 at the Rapids, '51 at Birch, '52 at Prince Albert, '53 at Kingston, '54 at Stony, '55 at Dorchester, '56 in Elmira, '57 in The Don and this year here. How can I stay out of these joints? Would you say I had a bad record? Can I wish you a Merry Christmas?

Guardhouse Gordie

M'Sieur G'House:

No, your record's not bad — it stinks! I cannot understand how you missed Galt and The Mercer. You can wish me a Merry Christmas, and in case you don't want to wish you the same. Do you really want to stay out of these places, or do I want to wish you the same. Do you really want to stay out of these places, or do you want to read Richard Beabody's "Common Sense Of Drinking"; at least 12 times. This will keep you busy for a few years and then you will have forgotten all about stir.

Donald Dix

Dear Mr. Kompound:

Is it correct that we are getting dressed up at Christmastime? I want to wear something real gay and colorful and I have my PINK shirt, BURGUNDY suit and CHARTREUSE Cravat up front. Should I see the warden about this?
Beverly Backstop

Dear Backhouse Goofus:

I would suggest you wait until April before seeing about this matter, then you could be Queen of the May, or until February 14th at least, that is Valentine's Day. If you do see Santa Claus on X-Mas Day, don't be dismayed because he wears a red suit with white trimmings, that is his natural habit. Personally, I think you are a naughty, naughty boy and you should be ashamed of yourself. Incidentally, what's your beef?

Repugnant

Velly Nice Man:

Me likee you. You likee me? Me here fo Melly Chlistmas, and me wishee you too. I climb tree, you no see; me see; me play Santee Claus. You likee Chinee food at Chlistmas? Velly good. You lite me and let me no.

Sing Yee Fung Lum

ullo, 'ullo, Lum:

It velly nice of yo' to wlite me, yo' ol' fiend Chopstick Cholly. Melly Chlistmas to yo' too. Me likee food at Chlistmas Eve. You fix. You work in laundry? Velly good.

Chin Fee OO Lung How

Dear Buddy, Ole Friend:

I'm not going to write you a silly ditty or ask you a nonsensical question. I want to wish you and your boys a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year with 2,000 new subscribers or more. You bet, that's what I am going to do. I hope the Parole Board sits and gives you all a bunch of tickets, etc.

Your Pal
Sneaky Sam Sneeze

P.S. I can't pay you the 40 bales I owe you until the ball-season starts.

Dear Slinky:

Don't pal me—not until you've paid off the forty packages of weed you owe me. You told me that you needed all that tobacco for your aged granny who was a patient in the Women's Division, and that you would have it back to me by the end of November. How was I to know that she was in the Women's Pen, and she could only smoke 'makings'. I don't know how I'm going to make out until the summer of '60. Unless you make immediate arrangements it will be very temperate and not the subscriptions that is increased, because I want my weed. Thanks for your Season's Greetings. The best wishes I can give you is that I will meet you when the lights go down low.

Smokeless ex-tobacconist (through stupidity)

THE PENAL PRESS SAYS

PENAL PRESS ASSOCIATION — 641 Maris Street: "A recent survey of the American and Canadian penal press reveals that over 250 monthly and weekly publications reach approximately 2,000,000 readers."

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CONVICTS ARE DIFFERENT — The Presido

Most persons, never having had any personal contact or experience with convicts, seem to exhibit one extreme emotion or another. They either hate or fear us as devils, or they pity us for being poor, weak misguided souls. There's no middle ground. They rarely want to learn anything more about us. They already "know" all about us. But, like so much other hearsay "knowledge" what they "know" is mostly erroneous.

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MERCY PLEA BRINGS ATLANTA INMATES TO LITTLE GIRL'S AID The Eye Opener

Jackson, Michigan. The Spectator, the nation's leading prison newspaper reports that little Linda Cleckley, a five-year-old Thomasville, Georgia girl suffered burns over seventy percent of her body.

She was rushed to an Atlanta hospital in critical condition. The medicals decided the only way to save the girl would be through skin graft. Nearly four hundred square inches would be needed. Since there was no known "skin supply bank," someone thought of the penitentiary.

A plea for help was sent out over the prison's radio hook-up. Within thirty minutes, over two-hundred and fifty inmates volunteered to donate skin to aid in the desperate struggle to save Linda's life.

Linda's operation was successful and recovery seems certain.

Atlanta inmates have a life-long friend.

** ** *

THE PRISON IS FAILING — Menard Time

Today practically every state claims it has a classification program with a careful diagnostic program. But as one views the average prison, after getting an historical perspective, he is forced to the conclusion that the same contamination influences so abhorred by the early reformers are still operating.

In short, the prison as we have known it since its early days has failed and is failing.

Yet the prison is with us and will undoubtedly remain. Society insists on punishment for the criminal—but hasn't the courage of its conviction or it would insist on a workmanlike job of punishment. It is an era of "out of sight, out of mind." The penologist urges reform or rehabilitation as the purpose of the prison. The correctional staff and the inmates caught between the two, are in the middle. Thus we find cruelty in all too many prisons, inflicted by all too many correctional people who find it easy to rationalize their actions. On the other hand we find many correctional people seriously trying to do a good job of treatment by encouraging inmates to make use of the prison facilities.

CALIFORNIA HONOR CAMP INMATES FIGHT, CONTAIN RAGING FIRES — The Spectator

Working along a mountainside too steep for mechanized equipment, a crew of smoke-eaters from two California prison honor camps recently cut a half-mile fire break and subdued a roaring forest fire.

The crews, especially trained in fire fighting by members of the U.S. Forestry Service are trained at institutions and held in reserve for use when Forestry Camp inmates cannot contain a fire, or when several fires are burning simultaneously.

Thousands of hours are spent fighting fires by California prison inmates each year.

Tales of heroism are not uncommon. Stories of lives saved, homes and property rescued — and serious injury to inmates are matters of public record. So, too, are concrete evidences of interests maintained by Honor Camp men after fires and floods have been contained.

The town of Weott, California will not soon forget the kind of men sent from a prison camp to assist them during the flood of December, 1955.

Homes destroyed, friends and loved ones lost in the catastrophe, Christmas of 1955 was just a word to the children of Weott — until the men from the camp booted their meager funds and made Christmas a reality.

The men of Honor Camp No. 12 were tired, dirty, hungry, but they came back with a sense of fulfillment.

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PRISON AUTHORED COLUMN — Folsom Observer

The Prison Columnists Association, founded by Bob Neese of Fort Madison, Iowa, last year, has added another daily newspaper to its growing list.

G. Wiley Beveridge, Editor and Publisher of the Williamsburg, Iowa, Journal Tribune, is sponsoring another prison authored column. Several prison writers are now writing columns for outside papers.

CONVICTS RESCUE A GUARD FROM DEATH — The Jefttown Journal

A convicted robber, burglar and a "fence" risked death in quicksand-like limestone to save a prison guard who had been buried alive.

The three lowered themselves by ropes into a huge rock crusher to shovel Ira Griffith, 67, a guard assigned to the work project, free.

Griffith had leaned over the edge of the crusher to loosen the stone when he lost his footing and plunged into the smothering limestone. He suffered shock and lacerations.

Warden Joseph E. Ragen praised the convicts for their heroic rescue. Each, Ragen said, gambled his own life in the rescue. Their action will be called to the attention of the parole board.

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CORPUS INCOGNITO — The Reformatory Pillar

(PP) — In 1893, Paul Hubert was convicted of first degree murder by a court in Bordeaux, France, and sentenced to death. His sentence was commuted to life imprisonment and he was committed to a penal colony in Guiana.

In 1913, after serving 20 years, the Procureur moved the Court of Cassation (the French Supreme Court) to review the case. It turned out that the supposed victim of the murder was none other than Hubert himself, and he was acquitted.

IS THE PENAL PRESS JUSTIFIED? via The Transition

In past months "people on the outside", especially some newspaper columnists, have raised objections to the general discontent voiced by penal writers regarding the state of prison affairs. We will attempt to rebalance their viewpoint.

When a man loses all his physical freedom and half his mental freedom what would you give him to enable him to live in a normal manner and to think in normal terms? The answer — there is nothing, absolutely nothing, that will even partly replace these losses.

We suggest to outsiders that they try the following experiment before they pass judgement.

Send your wife and children to live with relatives and pick out a room in which you'd like to live 24 hours a day for the next two years. (We could have said 10 or 15). Don't worry about your family for you'll be able to talk to them through the screen-door for 30 minutes every month and you'll be allowed to write them once a week — if you can find anything in your room worth writing about. You can let yourself out of your room for 4 hours every day to sweep up the rest of the house, and for an extra 45 minutes to go out in the back yard for exercise. But you can't go outside the fence and you can't talk to anyone on the other side of that fence. There will be great temptation to cheat, but in the interests of science, be strict with yourself. Try this for a few weeks and let us know how you are making out. If, by then, your attitude hasn't changed, then try it for a few months. If, by then, your attitude isn't too cynical and you still think there is nothing abnormal about such an existence, we'll take a couple of pages of this magazine and enlighten you on the remaining rules.



VENGEANCE VERSUS PROBATION

No man should be sent to a penal institution until it is definitely determined that he is not a fit subject for probation. To this end, it is urged that every effort be made to broaden probation and provide probation supervision.

With adequate probation staffs, the number of persons who might be placed on probation with success can be materially increased. It is clear that probation is MUCH less expensive than imprisonment and, from the social and rehabilitative and correctional points of view, MUCH more satisfactory.

John W. Oliver, Attorney at Law, Kansas City, Missouri, U.S.A.

BIG JOB

Okay kid, when we go in you take the back and I'll take the front. We should make a big haul here. They had a big dance last night. Yeah, we'll really clean up. Better put your handkerchief over your face. Why? Look, you've been around, you ought to know why. This isn't your first big job is it? It is, well, don't worry kid, stick with me and I'll teach you the tricks of the trade. What part of town was your haunt before to-day? Oh, I know that part. Strictly all small jobs over there. If you don't get these big ones, you'll never amount to anything. Just look at the heap I'm driving compared to the one you had. How long have I been on the big jobs? About a year, I guess. Well, let's quit gabbing and get these garbage cans loaded. Easy, they're heavy.

Don McIntyre



Our Readers Write

THE LAST WORD

Dear Sir:

I would like to compliment you and your staff on the quality of the magazine you produce, and you will probably be interested to know that our copy is sent over to England when we are finished with it.

Would you please send us some more information on your hobbycraft articles as we would be interested in the price ranges on some of the items.

Our best wishes to yourself and your staff.

Yours sincerely,
Maureen & Peter Cope,
Toronto, Ontario.

(Ed: Thank you Maureen and Peter Cope for your kind words of encouragement. We appreciate your public relations work by sending the magazine to England. At the present time we have six regular subscribers in England who receive our magazine monthly. We are only too happy to forward the price ranges on hobbycraft articles. By purchasing hobbycraft you are helping an inmate to help himself.)

Dear Sir:

It is with the greatest of pleasure that I received your November issue and wish to tell you how much I have missed receiving your issues for some months. You have made such great strides towards the betterment of your publication that you are certainly to be congratulated on your latest format.

I note that you are advancing subscriptions because of your lack of previous issues. I am enclosing my dollar for the next twelve issues and taking for granted I received my money's worth, because I know that "Your spirit was willing but your flesh weak."

Please do keep up with your good

work. With the great interest taken in Penology by the powers that be, I feel that ways and means will be devised to make the sojourn of those incarcerated between four walls more endurable and facilitate their re-entry into society after they have paid their debt.

With very best wishes for the sake of you and your staff, may we soon see you as free men. You will always be welcome in our home.

Very sincerely,
M.B. MacLachlan,
Major (Retired)

(Ed: Thank you Major MacLachlan for your kind letter and your donation for a renewal. In the coming year we hope to fulfill our commitment towards the betterment of the magazine so that it may again be listed near the top of the penal press publications.)

A lot of the credit is due to the inmates in the print shop at Kingston Penitentiary. They are doing a wonderful job in the lay-out and printing of the Diamond.

Hi Gang:

Receive your magazine monthly and pass it around for the rest of the folks to read. It's received with much interest.

Here's our monthly schedule. . . . hope you may find something interesting in it.

Might pass along a bit of favourite philosophy, "Of all things you wear today, your expression is the most important."

Keep up the good work.

Sincerely,
Floyd Ottoway,
Program Manager,
W.S.Y.R. Syracuse.

(Ed: Thanks Floyd for your letter and your W.S.Y.R. radio schedule. We hope you appreciate the magazine as much as we appreciate your radio schedule. We only wish the other stations would co-operate as much as you do, in sending us radio schedules.)

Sirs:

Enclosed find cheque for \$2.50, please extend my subscription accordingly.

I enjoy reading your publication and wish your staff a successful future.

May you never tire in service to your fellow man.

Yours truly,
O. Tidman,
Kingston, Ontario.

(Ed: Thanks Mr. Tidman. Your donation for a three year renewal shows us your appreciation of the magazine.)

Dear Sir:

Will you please accept this contribution to your inmate fund, and send me as many Diamonds, back issues, as you can.

Dr. Charles Van Doren, of Columbia University introduced the penal press on a nationwide T.V. programme, the "TODAY" show on Wed. October 8th.

I missed it, but a friend said he did a magnificent job. He showed the var-

ious publications, their cartoons, the pictures and spoke most favourably about prison writers and the fine job they were doing.

I thanked Dr. Van Doren for his kindness, and told him I would be interested in hearing any favourable comments he might receive, and would handle any mail requesting information or sampling of the penal press.

My own film with Father Kell brought me 46 letters, and I am sure Dr. Van Doren will receive many more.

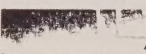
I feel most hopeful about the way the penal press is reaching out to the people, and feel it is the key to winning public interest and understanding.

Best wishes to you and to the "Little Gem".

Sincerely,
Dorothy Scheer

(Ed: Thanks Dot for the generous donation. We are always glad to hear from one of our best customers. The work that you are doing for the penal press is outstanding. The Diamond staff as well as the other members of the penal press appreciate the work you are doing for us.)

..We are forwarding as many back issues as possible.)



A big league umpire once remarked that he could never understand how crowds in the grandstand, hundreds of feet from the plate could see better and judge more accurately than he, when he was only seven feet away. Another man commented that in life, too we call strikes on a chap when we are too far away to understand. Perhaps if we had a closer view of the man and his problems we would reverse our decisions.

THE PARSON

We talk about how short life is, and try to live as much as we can while we have it. Yet the truth is that this is just the start. We here on earth just set the direction our eternal life will go. This life really never ends it just goes on to a different place. We choose this place here on earth where we will continue to live.

The Reflector.